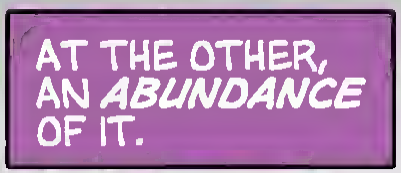
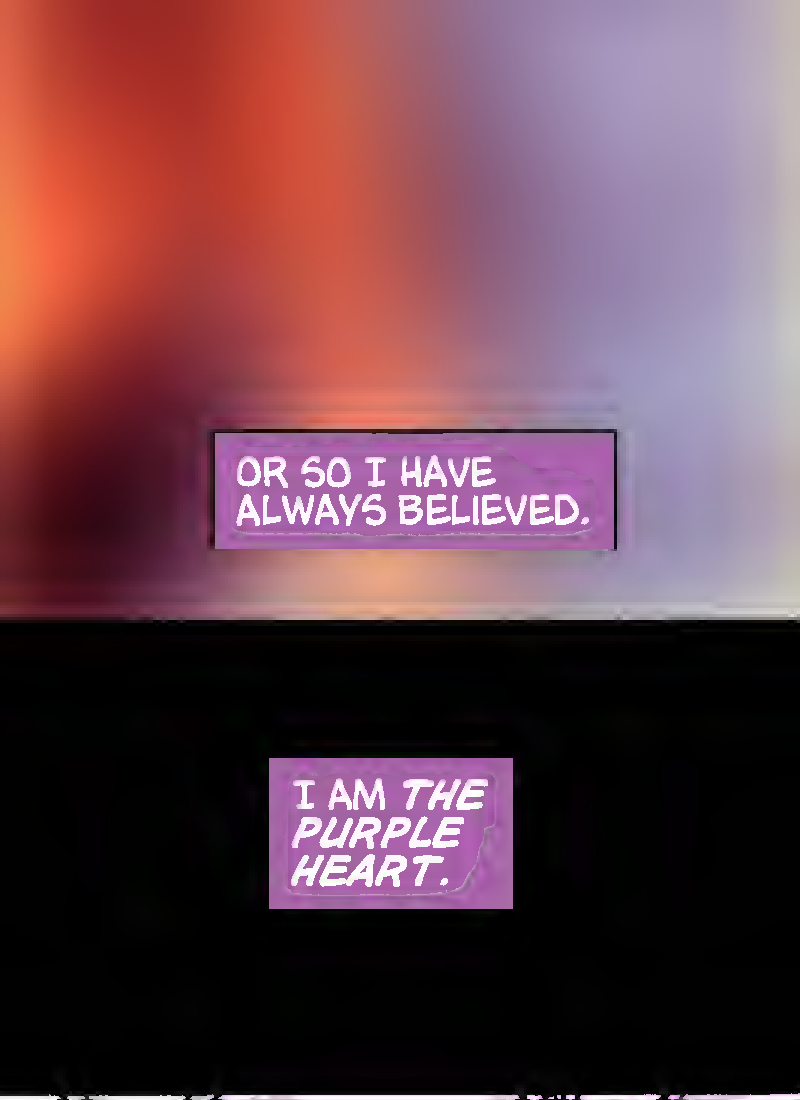
THE SPECTRUM.

AT ONE END, THE ABSENCE OF *LIGHT*.

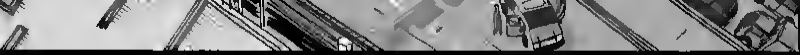

AT THE OTHER,
AN *ABUNDANCE*
OF IT.

SEEING COLORS MAKES THE WORLD *LIVE*. MAKES IT COME ALIVE.

THE WORLD IS NOT BLACK AND WHITE.


OR SO I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED.
I AM THE PURPLE HEART.

AND TO *HEAL* BROOKLYN, I MUST BRING BACK THE *COLOR* OF *LIFE.*



THE PURPLE HEART

a NEW BROOKLYN COMIC by
DELSANTE • VENÂNCIO • HASPIEL • AKEL

HE CALLS HIMSELF *"RUSH HOUR"*.

SUPER FAST, BUT IN HIS WAKE, HE LEAVES A VACUUM.

LIKE AN *EMP*, HE STALLS EVERYTHING THAT COMES BEHIND HIM, LEAVING TRAFFIC AT A STANDSTILL.

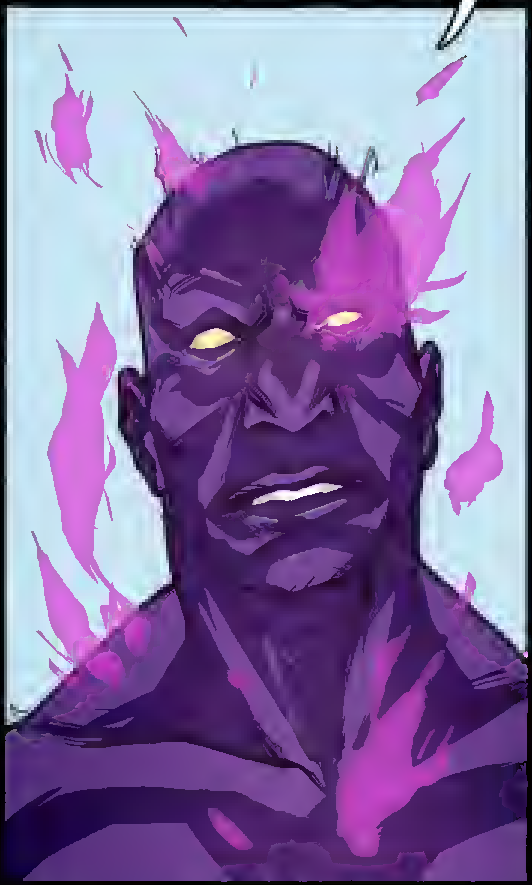
IT COMES WITH ANOTHER SIDE EFFECT.
IT PULLS *ALL* COLOR FROM *EXISTENCE.*
WHAT THE!?
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIX THAT, BUT I KNOW THAT THE WAY TO STOP HIM...
...IS TO STAY IN

FRONT OF HIM.

THAT WAS STOLEN.

YEAH, SO?
I'M HUNGRY AND ART IS MONEY AND MONEY IS FOOD.
YOU ARE HUNGRY?
NO

LONGER.

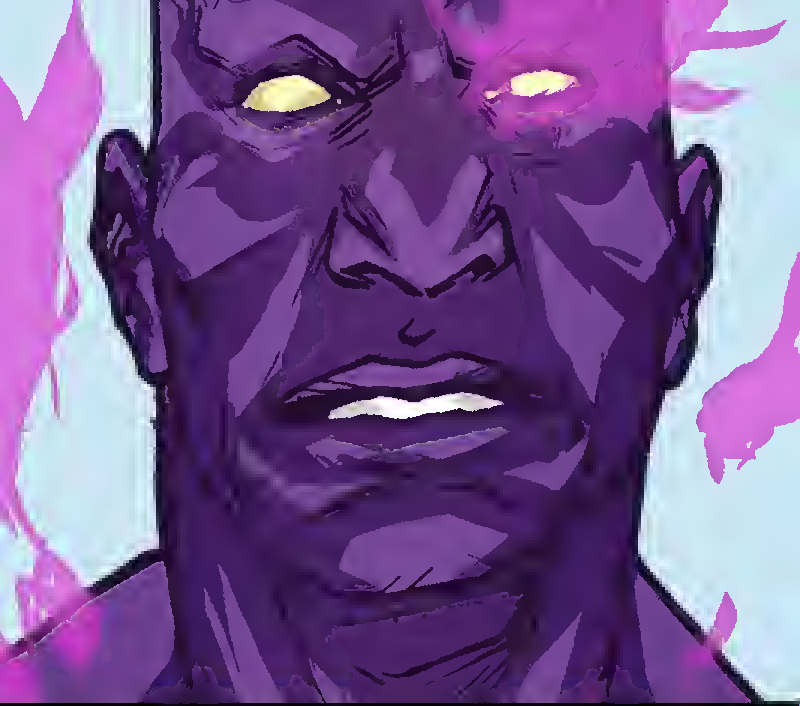


YOU WILL NEVER GO HUNGRY AGAIN

HUNGRY AGAIN. NOR WILL YOU THIRST.

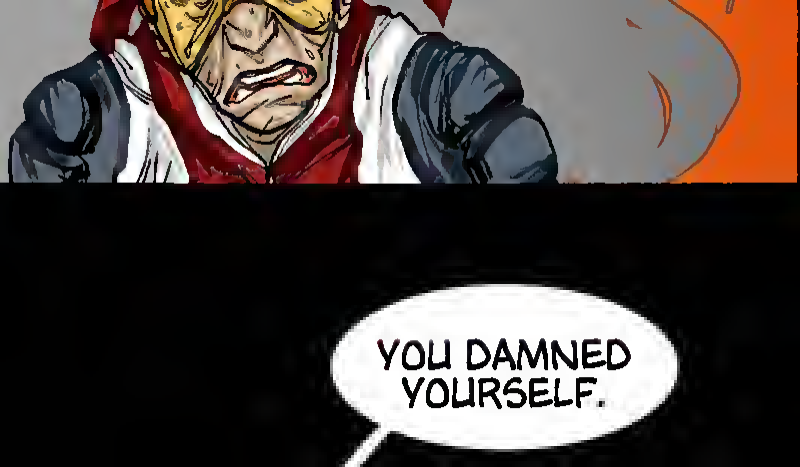
WHAT DID YOU DO?

BUT IT COMES WITH A PRICE.


YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THE PAIN OF HUNGER, BUT YOU WILL NEVER EAT AGAIN.

THE SMELL, THE SIGHT... EVEN THE MENTION OF FOOD WILL MAKE YOU ILL.

YOU...
YOU'VE
DAMNED
ME!


YOU DAMNED YOURSELF.

YOU WISHED TO BE A VILLAIN.
NOW YOU ARE.

I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER IF I'M DOING THIS RIGHT.

I'M SUPPOSED TO HEAL THE *HEART*, BUT HAVE I CREATED *ENMITY*?

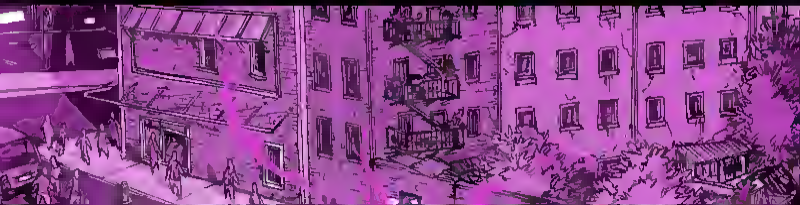
REGARDLESS, THERE MUST BE BALANCE. GOOD... *AND* EVIL.

WAIT. THE COLOR.

I CLOSE MY EYES.

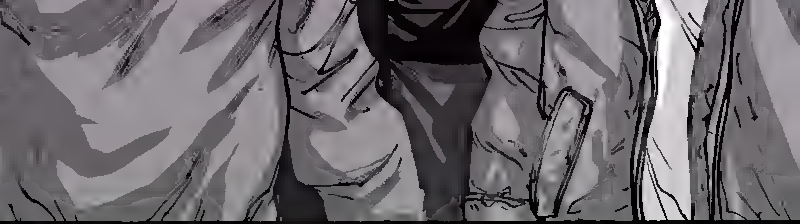
I HOPE.

SHE PROVIDES.



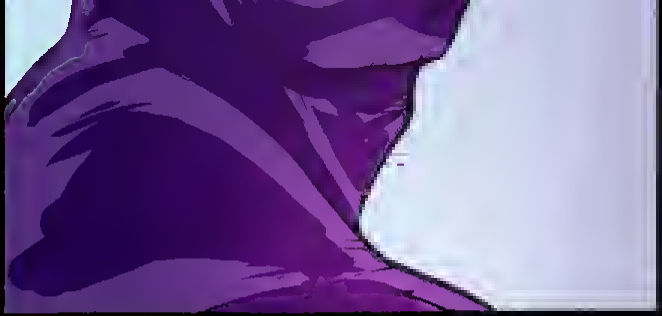
AND THEN I SEE HER AND THE COLOR DROPS OUT OF THE WORLD AGAIN.

ISAIAH?



FIGURATIVELY, THIS TIME.

SELA.



TO BE CONTINUED